

# THE RENDEZVOUS AT GLEN COVE TO-DAY.

The Annual Cruise of the New York Yacht Club the Event of the Year.

A Great Fleet of Steam and Sailing Craft of All Designs Will Participate

CLUB'S FIRST CRUISE HELD IN 1844.

Since Which Time It Has Gradually Increased Its Numbers Each Season Until It Now Stands Without a Rival in the World.

Enthusiasts in the grand sport of yachting who journey to the land-locked harbor of Glen Cove this morning will see a marine pageant in the rendezvous of the New York Yacht Club for their annual cruise. Majestic steamers, stately schooners and speedy craft of every rig imaginable will be there, each one gay with multi-hued bunting and each every captain on the alert for the signal from Commodore Edward M. Brown's long, rakish looking steamer Sylvia, the flagship of the fleet.

Quite a different picture from this magnificent squadron of pleasure craft was the first cruise to Newport of the New York Yacht Club, away back in August, 1844, under command of Commodore Stevens, of the saucy 33-ton schooner Glimmer.

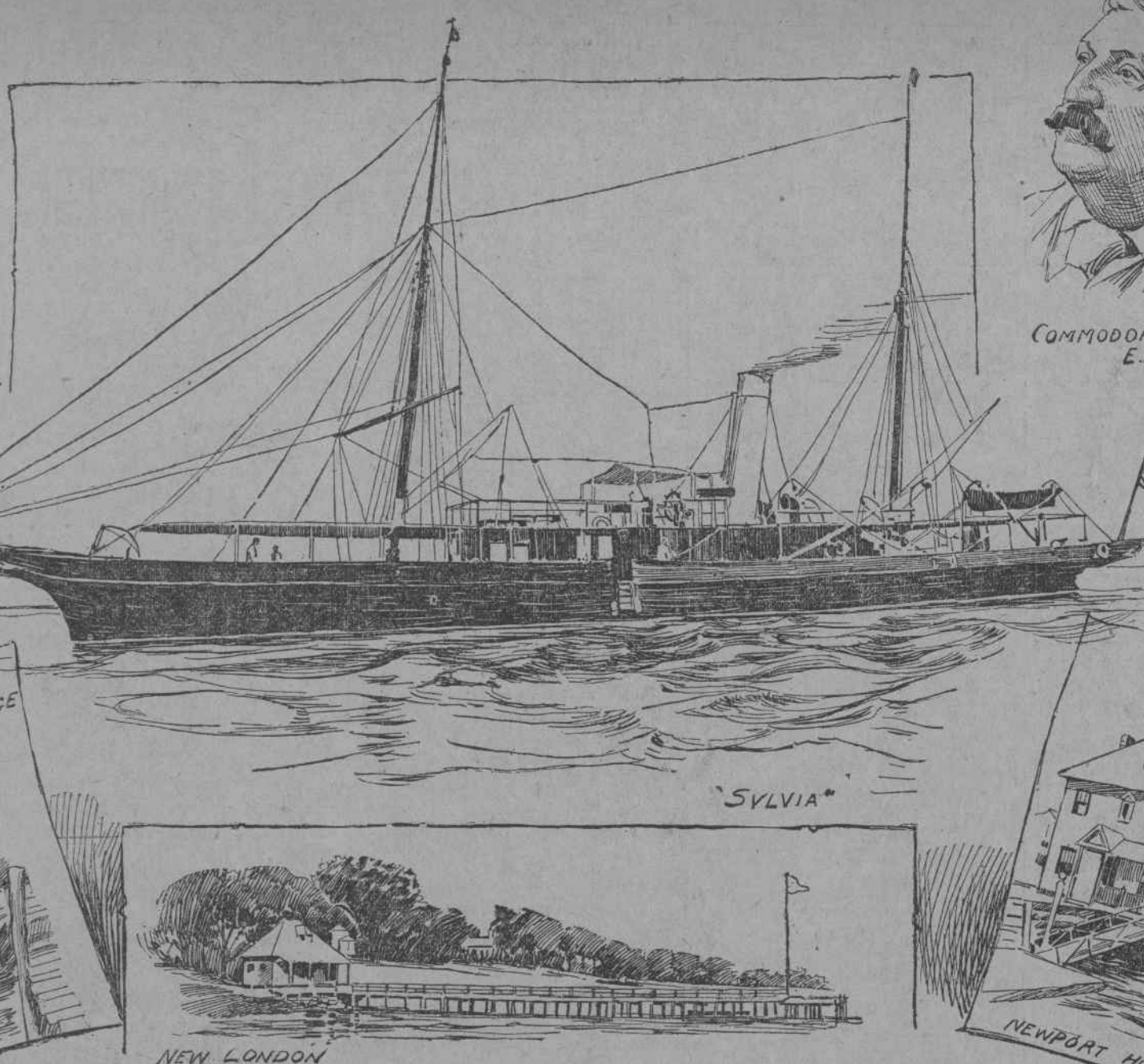
The first cruise was a nautical, if not a social success, and Commodore Stevens at that time predicted a brilliant future for the first American yacht club, and toasts to its success were drunk in "second mate's nips" of excellent liquor. How that prediction has been fulfilled can be seen by a brief sketch of the club whose fleet will spread their acres of canvas this morning in the initial run of this year's cruise.

It has, like other organizations of its kind, had both smooth sailing and rough weather, and in fact at one time was dangerously near the reefs of financial ruin, but the members now can look back and smile from their present position, which is beyond the reach of disaster, having enrolled more than one thousand of the most desirable devotees of the sport as members who can look aloft at their pennant which is floated from many of the most superb pleasure craft in the world, as well as the fastest racing vessels.

The most exciting and best contested ocean races that have ever been sailed have been conducted under their management, and the America's Cup, the "blue ribbon of the seas," has been successfully defended



S. NICHOLSON KANE



TO-DAY MARKS THE OPENING OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S ANNUAL CRUISE.

Har charge, and the girl was discharged. She said she was being persecuted by the police because she had reported them for neglect of duty.

Frank C. Vetter said the girl had approached him on the street, and Magistrate Flannigan imposed a fine of \$5. Miss Goldstein threatens to bring the matter to the attention of the Police Commissioners.



PHOTO BY L. ULLMANN ST. JOSEPH MO.

JULIETTE BROWN.

For since the gallant old schooner brought the trophy to this country.

None of the nine founders of the club is alive at present, the last of them George L. Seymour, having died on Commodore Gerry's flagship Electra on July 31, 1884.

The first annual regatta of the club was held on July 17, 1845, and attracted a great deal of attention, thousands being present along the Bay Ridge and Staten Island shores to see the start and finish of the race, which was at that time a comparatively unknown sport. Since that time although the annual regatta has invariably been a successful event, it has always been overshadowed by the cruise.

Ocean races have also been sailed by yachts which carried the N. Y. Y. C. pennant, among them being the Dauntless, which was defeated by Mr. Bush's big schooner Cornet, and the starry less famous flyers Henrietta and Fleetwing.

Surely no club in the world can point to a more brilliant record, added to which may be the achievements of such vessels as the Portia, Mayflower, Volunteer, Jubilee, Victim, Columbia, Defender and others ad infinitum.

The present cruise should be on a par with any of its predecessors, despite the fact that none of the big single stickers are to take part.

SAYS POLICE PERSECUTE HER. Annie Goldstein Makes Charges Against Two Roundsmen.

Annie Goldstein, of No. 9 East Third street, made a vigorous plea for protection to Magistrate Flannigan, in the Essex Market Police Court yesterday.

Miss Goldstein, who is but eighteen years old and claims to be a dressmaker, says she is the victim of police persecution, and that a systematic attempt is being made to blacken her character.

She was arrested Saturday night by Police Officer Peter Meyer and taken to the Fifth Street Station House, on a charge of disorderly conduct. Several days ago Policemen Carroll arrested her on a sim-

## DIVORCE FOR G. C. SPANN

Member of a Well-Known Alabama Family to Be Freed from the Woman He Met Through a Personal.

George Carlton Spann has won his suit for divorce. Arthur Berry, referee, appointed by the Supreme Court, recommends that an absolute decree be granted to the plaintiff, and thus is undone a marriage which was eccentric and not fortunate.

Mr. Spann is thirty-six years old, a member of one of Alabama's oldest and wealthiest families. He came into collision with Miss Juliette Brown, December 8 last year, on West Twenty-third street, near the elevated railway station, while they were walking heedlessly in opposite directions. Next day he put a personal in a newspaper, asking for a second meeting "at the same place and hour as collision."

They met, took dinner together, continued their unconventional meetings for a week, and then George Carlton Spann awoke to find himself married. The Rev. Dr. Littlefield, of West Fifty-sixth street, identified the signature of his marriage certificate and confirmed Mrs. Spann's declaration that she was married to the forgetful young man on December 15. The husband then employed detectives to shadow his wife. Upon their evidence he recently brought the suit for divorce upon which Referee Berry has now reported.

After the hearing before the referee, a few weeks ago, Mr. Spann went to a sanitarium in Connecticut as a victim of nervous prostration. Mrs. Spann went to a seaside resort in New Jersey. The young man's relatives have never acknowledged the woman. He is a lawyer by profession.

For several years I have been afflicted with Asthma, and Jayne's Expectant is the only medicine that has ever given me any relief. L. E. YANAMAN, Rockwell, Tex., Nov. 4, 1895. If ill, take Jayne's Painless Sensitive Pills—Advt.

John, the younger son, was employed as a messenger in the Brooklyn Post Office. Friday last, being the end of the month, was the day on which he received his pay. His father said yesterday: "Johnny had never been out after 10 o'clock at night alone in his life, and when he had not returned on Friday midnight, I grew alarmed. I was much irritated, too, as I feared the boy was getting lazy. Josie came in at 11:30, and I robbed him for setting his younger brother a bad example doing so steady work. I told him, in fact, that he must find something to do for himself. He said he would go after something in the morning."

"The two boys slept in the next room to me, and the door was always left open. Josie went to bed at 12:30 o'clock. I saw him say his prayers. I returned shortly afterwards, and, in spite of my anxiety about the younger boy, fell asleep. It was just 3 o'clock on Saturday morning when I awoke with a start and rushed into the boys' room to see if the little fellow had come home yet. The bed was vacant. The boy had both disappeared. I went back to my own room. My trousers, which I had left upon a chair, were on the floor, and from the pockets was gone every cent of my savings. Two fifty-dollar bills and a number of tens and fives, making about \$200 in all."

Mr. Flannigan proceeded to relate how he had subsequently found that young John had drawn his month's pay at the post office, less the value of nineteen days, on which he had played truant. The father attributed his absence to the fact that he was hiding in the vicinity of his home, afraid to return home for fear of the consequences of his truancy from his work.

The elder brother is about five feet seven inches in height, with black hair and eyes. He shaved his mustache the day before he left home. He is of slight figure and was dressed in a black diagonal suit, with straw hat. John is fully as tall as his elder brother and of the same complexion. The Brooklyn police have been unable to trace either of the young men, and to-day the New York police will be asked to keep a watch for them.

## FATHER ROBBED AND TWO SONS MISSING.

Grief of a House Painter After Highly Educating His Boys.

Finds Their Room Vacant and His Own Clothing Rifled of \$200.

HAD INTENDED ONE FOR A PRIEST.

Does Not Believe the Boys Acted in Collusion—Thinks One Has Joined the Cubans and the Other Is in Hiding Near Home.

Joseph Flannigan, aged twenty, and Joan Flannigan, aged fifteen, the only sons of a house painter and decorator living at No. 860 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, have been missing since Friday last.

According to their father, there was no collusion between them. They went separately, for different reasons, and the coincidence of the double loss has nearly driven him to distraction. Mr. Flannigan, whose wife died a year ago, occupied, with his two sons and two daughters, a cosy flat on the second floor. He devoted his means to giving his children a good education and certificates to their scholastic ability adorn the walls of the parlor.

When the mother died Mamie, now seventeen years old, became housekeeper, but twice she lost her pocketbook and since then Flannigan has carried his savings about with him. Joseph, the elder son, received a college education and learned several languages. The only work he has ever done, however, was as a teacher of English to Spanish students at St. Francis College, Butler street, Brooklyn. Here, it is believed, he made the acquaintance of some young Cubans, for he recently stated that he had successfully passed an examination for second lieutenant in the Cuban army.

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## BOATSMAN SAVED A MAN FROM DROWNING.

Alleged Waldorf Guest Fell or Jumped from an Excursion Boat.

Modest Rescuer Did Not Even Mention the Affair to His Own Mother.

LEAPED FROM HIS SHELL AND SWAM.

Wife and Mother of the Man Who Had the Narrow Escape Were With Him When He Plunged into the Water.

A well-dressed young man, who said his name was D. J. Tynan, of Boston, and that he was stopping at the Waldorf, accidentally fell or jumped from the steamboat Tolchester into the Hudson River, off One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening. The man's life was saved by Charles W. Benson, of No. 292 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street.

Tynan is about twenty-eight years old, and with his wife, a pretty brunette, and his mother, he was in the city on a pleasure trip. On Saturday they went on an excursion to the Tolchester. The boat was crowded.

On the way home Tynan, with his wife and mother and half a dozen friends, was seated on the port side of the vessel on the second deck, chatting. Suddenly Tynan rose to his feet, leaned over the railing, and the next moment his companions were horrified to see him shooting down toward the water.

The whole affair took so little time that no one could tell whether the young man jumped or whether he fell.

"Help! Help! My husband's overboard!" shrieked Mrs. Tynan.

"Save him! Save him, somebody!" she cried, and then she threw up her hands and fell back unconscious.

Great excitement ensued, and Mrs. Tynan was carried inside and restoratives were applied. In the meantime the cry of "Man overboard!" rang through the boat.

The captain ordered engines reversed, and the lifeboat to be got ready. By the time the Tolchester was stopped it was about a fifth of a mile below the spot where the man had fallen overboard.

When Tynan fell into the water young Benson was rowing along the east side of the river in a shell about 100 yards away. He turned his boat and shot toward the drowning man.

"Keep up and I'll save you!" Benson shouted. The man struggled and sank. In a few moments he returned to the surface, and Benson's boat was near him. The shell was so light and so easily overturned that it was impossible for Benson to do anything for the man and still remain in his boat.

Benson, who is a good swimmer, sprang into the water and allowed the shell to drift away. He caught the man around the neck and raised his head above the water. Tynan struggled to free himself, but Benson held on and kept him from sinking.

Benson started to swim toward the shore, but his progress was very difficult. "Keep up, keep up!" were the encouraging shouts that came from the boat that had put off from the Tolchester, and in a short time the two men were pulled into it. Tynan was exhausted. He was hurried aboard of the steamboat, where proper attention was restored to him.

## LABOR DELEGATES REBUKE INTOLERANCE.

Administer a Sharp Lesson to One of Their Most Important Committees

Resolution Presented by Socialists Raises Quite a Lively Breeze.

CUBANS TAKE STRIKERS' PLACES.

Junta Will Be Asked to Interfere—Arrangements Completed for the Great Labor Day Picnic.

One of the committees of the Central Labor Union received a sharp lesson on Saturday, at the meeting of that body yesterday. The committee is known as the Committee on Outside Visitors and Communications. Its functions are to decide whether visitors, who want to speak shall be allowed the privilege of the floor, and whether letters or resolutions sent for endorsement shall be read.

Delegate Welchert, of the International Bakers' Union, reported for the committee, in reference to a resolution received from Socialists at No. 64 East Fourth street. The resolution recommended that working men apply to the city authorities for the use of schools, armories and other public buildings when unemployed for the purpose of securing on industrial and economic subjects.

"We recommend that the circular be not read and that we have nothing to do with it," was Welchert's report.

Secretary Bausch, who had the copy of the circular before him, became indignant.

"I object very strongly to the report of the committee," he said. "The resolution on the circular is the same as the Central Labor Union passed some weeks ago. I trust that, though the Central Labor Union delegates may differ in many respects from the Socialist-Labor party, we are not so narrow minded as to reject any good measure they propose, simply because they are Socialists. I should be sorry if we put ourselves on record as disapproving of reading of the circular, merely because it was issued by Socialists."

He then proposed that the committee be appointed to take charge of just such a resolution," said Delegate Harris. "Why not refer this to our committee?"

A motion to that effect was carried by acclamation. Delegate Harris, who represents Cigar-makers' Union No. 144, reported that a strike of cigar-makers belonging to his union was in progress at Spaulding Brothers' factory, in East Fifty-ninth street, against a reduction of wages. The places of the strikers had been taken by Cubans, he said, who worked for non-union wages.

"Some of these Cuban cigar-makers are members of the Cuban revolutionary party," he said, "and we sent a committee to the headquarters of the Cuban Junta asking them to prevent these men from destroying the strike. The leaders of the Junta promised to do all they could, but they met with no success."

Delegate Harris asked that Secretary Bausch should be appointed as a committee with himself to visit the headquarters of the Junta. The request was granted. Arrangements were made for the picnic of the Central Labor Union on Labor Day at Woodside Park, J. L. "There will be no Labor Day parade this year."

Insane Over "Coin's Financial School." Columbia, Mo., Aug. 2.—Thomas Whitte, a negro living at Rochester, this county, has become violently insane after reading "Coin's Financial School." He was captured Friday on the banks of the Mississippi River with a copy of the book in his hands. He will be taken to an asylum.

Big Michigan Lumber Failure. Bay City, Mich., Aug. 2.—Samuel G. M. Gates, a lumberman, yesterday turned over all his real and personal property to the Union Trust Company, of Detroit, for the benefit of his creditors. The table of assets amounted to \$383,000 and the liabilities to \$644,000.

"Cyclone" Davis Nominated. Texarkana, Texas, Aug. 2.—"Cyclone" Davis, the People's party leader, was yesterday nominated for Congress by the People's party of the Fourth District, to succeed D. B. Culbreth.

# THIS ARTFUL DOGGL. ONLY TEN YEARS OLD.

Caught in the Act of Pocket-picking, He Betrays His Fagin.

Ernest Luttrell, He Says, Is the Man Who Made Him Steal.

"TAUGHT A LOT OF KIDS TO GO LIFTIN'."

Lad Was Securing a Ten-Dollar Bill When He Was Arrested—Confessed to Having Committed Other Thefts.

Morris Connelly is only ten years old, but, according to police testimony and his own confession, he is a remarkably clever pickpocket—a graduate of a school of the gentle art of purloining proscribed over by one Ernest Luttrell, aged eighteen.

Little Connelly, a tow-headed, bare-legged gamlin, was arrested Saturday afternoon at South Ferry by Officer Murphy, of the Old Slip Station. He was caught in the very act of stealing a ten-dollar bill from the pocket of A. O. Townsend, whose office is at No. 32 Nassau street.

The youthful pickpocket's method was ingenious. He ran alongside of Mr. Townsend, holding a newspaper directly in front of that gentleman's face, while he shrilly begged him to buy it.

The newspaper prevented the victim from seeing that the agile, grimy fingers of the lad's hand were busy with his vest pockets. But it didn't prevent Mr. Townsend from feeling their touch, light as it was. He whisked the newspaper aside and discovered that the ten-dollar note was half-way out of his pocket and in Connelly's grasp. Officer Murphy saw it, too, and took the lad to the station house.

In the Centre Street Police Court yesterday Agent Murray, of the Gerry Society, recognized the youthful thief as a lad who had once before been sent to the society for stealing. Under his questioning Connelly confessed that he had been arrested first over a year ago for picking pockets, and that he had been discharged, as it was his first offence.

Only a month ago, he said, he had been again arrested for breaking into a snow-case in front of a store in Cortlandt street. He was sent to the society, but soon let go again.

"A feller named Ernest Luttrell taught me to pick pockets," said the modern "artful dodger." "He's a big feller, eighteen years old. I dunno where he lives. I live at No. 29 Washington street, with my mother, an' sell papers for a livin'." Ernest said I could make lots of money pickin' pockets, but I ain't never made much.

"He taught a lot of other kids beside me to go 'liftin'." Young Connelly is what the police call a "robber." He is known as an expert practitioner of that art. Magistrate Wentworth committed the lad to the care of the Gerry Society.

FINES FOR THE SCORCHERS.

Some Cyclists Pay \$5, Others \$10 According to the Enormity of Their Speed.

"Some oil paintings were in the rain, and I was hurrying back to save them," said William T. Branch, a colored youth, of No. 322 West Eighty-second street, when arraigned at Yorkville Court yesterday for scorching on the Boulevard on Saturday evening.

"He was going very fast," said Policeman Long. "I called to him to stop, but he would not."

"The oil paintings, Your Honor—" "I had to chase him for five blocks, from Eighty-third street to Seventy-eighth, and he stopped only when I got my hand on his shoulder."

"Leave your oil paintings in a safe place next time," said the Magistrate, dryly.

Lester G. Egan, of No. 647 West One Hundred and Fifty-second street, and George E. McWilliams, of No. 214 East One Hundred and Fifty-first street, faced the Court together for having scorching on the Boulevard near Sixty-seventh street, at 7 o'clock on Saturday evening.

"A head wind was blowing," said Egan, "and we could not have gone fast even if we wanted to."

"I was on the Boulevard at that hour, and could have scorching had I wanted to," said the Magistrate.

"But perhaps you were going with the wind," said Egan.

"The policeman rode in between us, and kept with us for a while without a word of warning," said McWilliams. "We did not suspect that we were going too fast. When he told us to stop we at once did so."

"I shall fine you only five dollars apiece, instead of ten," said the Justice.

Joseph Wyatt, a colored youth, of No. 333 West Thirty-seventh street, was another scorching.

"I have a baby at home, only four days old," he said, and, if Your Honor please, I should like to hurry home and see it."

"I'm—I see—and I presume that was what you were in such a hurry for last night. I shall make it only \$5."

CALLAHAN'S BRIEF LIBERTY.

Released from Jail, He Is Caught Robbing a Grocery Store.

In the Centre Street Court yesterday Thomas Callahan, Joseph Callahan and John Russell, none of them over twenty-one years of age, were remanded for a hearing this morning on a charge of burglary.

At 3 o'clock yesterday morning detectives from Oak Street Station saw the three men inspecting the grocery store of John Wendelken, at No. 36 Madison street. He watched and saw Russell and Joseph Callahan lift Thomas on their shoulders to the lantern, and then made a rush and arrested the outside men. The store was empty, and Thomas was discovered behind a counter with his pockets filled with cigars he had taken and eighty-seven cents, the contents of the cash drawer. Thomas was released only last Wednesday from the penitentiary, where he had served a year's sentence.

Are for Bryan and Sewall.

Flemington, N. J., Aug. 2.—The Democrats of Clinton, Hunterdon County, have organized a Bryan and Sewall Campaign Club. The following officers were elected: President, W. C. Gebhardt; vice-presidents, ex-Judge, H. B. Baker, John Carpenter, M. C. Mulligan; recording secretary, Frank E. Reenan; corresponding secretary, Dr. J. M. France; Financial Committee, G. W. Leigh, A. P. Shive, E. C. Moke, R. White, H. M. Kline. The members of the Executive Committee are J. S. Sweazey, John A. Aggar, S. G. Langer, Dr. C. B. Warrington and Joseph B. Bird.

CARPETS.

MID-SUMMER SALE OF Wilton Velvets.

300 pieces, choice designs, in various grades, to close out quickly, at prices LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE QUOTED.

We have also made up from remnants and odd pieces of every grade of Carpeting.

RUGS, AT REMNANT PRICES. (Holding size of Rooms.)

SHEPPARD KNAPP & CO. SIXTH AVE., 13TH AND 14TH STS.